



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 19. No. 4. June, 1946.



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING 1946

to be held on Randwick Racecourse

OCTOBER 5th, 7th and 12th

PRINCIPAL EVENTS:

OCTOBER 5th

THE EPSOM HANDICAP, £3000 added - - . - - One Mile

THE A.J.C. DERBY, £5000 added - - - One Mile and a Half

THE BREEDERS' PLATE, £1,300 added - - - - Five Furlongs

OCTOBER 7th

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER METROPOLITAN HANDICAP,
£5,000 added - - One Mile and Five Furlongs

THE GIMCRACK STAKES, £1,300 added - - - - Five Furlongs

OCTOBER 12th

THE KING'S CUP, £5,000 added - - - One Mile and a Half

ENTRIES CLOSE AT 3 P.M. ON TUESDAY, 6th AUGUST, 1946

6 Bligh Street
Sydney

Geo. T. ROWE
Secretary



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY

Established 14th May,
1858.

Chairman :

S. E. CHATTERTON.



Treasurer :

JOHN HICKEY.



Committee :

F. J. CARBERRY

GEORGE CHIENE

A. G. COLLINS

A. J. MATTHEWS

G. J. C. MOORE

JOHN A. ROLES

F. G. UNDERWOOD

DONALD WILSON



Secretary :

T. T. MANNING.

SPORT, if it is to continue to serve its original purpose, will require to be rescued from the bog of wrangling into which it has slipped, not only here in Australia, but internationally.

The job is one for sportsmen. Who else? But who are the sportsmen? The men who play the game in the spirit of the game. To-day, they are the minority, cynics say. Even so, there's sufficient of them to show the way by personal example, than which there is no greater factor for good.

Sportsmen are the people who play the rules, and are not forever challenging authority, as established, or whining over loss. They do not necessarily approve error, but are wise enough to realise that perfection is not a human quality, and, so, the "doubtful decision" is inescapable occasionally.

Humans, horses and machines are susceptible to variations in conditions. Their best effort of to-day sometimes may not be so good as their performance of yesterday, but sportsmen do not necessarily regard the variation as "a bad show." They do not line the pickets and shout protests. They leave the decision to constituted authority, believing that those best fitted to judge will deliver honest judgment on the facts.

Unhappily in some fields of sport the tendency among sections is to depart from this standard of conduct. The remedy, as we said, is in the hands of the sportsmen, a company whose ranks can never be overcrowded.

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS JUNE

1st I. Green	16th Frank E. Shepherd
N. Bartell	17th Dr. J. C. B. Allen
S. E. Armstrong	P. P. Hassett
2nd G. B. Murtough	18th R. A. Cullen
5th F. A. Comins	Ward
7th Hans Robertson	19th N. Schureck
8th R. M. Colechin	20th F. G. Underwood
9th S. Baker	C. Cornwell
11th C. E. Young	29th A. J. Genge
A. E. Bailey	C. A. Shepherd
14th S. E. Thomas	
15th J. L. Ruthven	

JULY

5th Dr. W. McDonnell Kelly	17th L. Mitchell
J. Jacobson	19th A. H. Stocks
6th J. B. Moran	21st G. F. Wilson
8th C. F. Horley	28th L. J. Maidment
13th F. C. Belot	C. B. R. Lawler
14th W. M. Gollan	30th Robert Mead
R. C. Chapple	31st H. Webster

The great crowd which attended the official luncheon on the occasion of the Club's May Meeting suggested that all invitations had been accepted. This was the first function at which the new chairman, Mr. S. E. Chatterton, had presided, and it was the prelude to an enjoyable day's racing. On all sides Mr. Chatterton was congratulated on his success, the reward of many years of faithful service. His horse, Grand Fils, had only to win the James Barnes Plate to make the occasion memorable, but that was not to be. The chairman was happy as things were, for the club is his first consideration.

Welcomed at luncheon by the chairman was Mr. R. R. Dangar, owner of Peter Pan. We remember that when Peter Pan won the A.J.C. Derby, Mr. Dangar declared that he had a champion.

Frank Carberry missed a club race meeting for the first time in many years. A committeeman who, like his colleagues, takes his task seriously, Frank tried to battle against indisposition that had overtaken him, but could not make the barrier on the day.

Somebody jocularly proposed a toast to "More Race Meetings" so that Fred Wilson might be worked seven days a week, with overtime. How he accomplishes his present task in the time, and with such general satisfaction, is always a puzzle to us laymen.

Jack Kitching, one of England's centre three-quarters, is a right-foot kick, but a left-hand cueist. He does not always apply to snooker the finesse that distinguishes his football. Breaking down on his potting, Jack said to his partner in the club: "Better smaash 'em oop."

At Port Phillip (Melbourne) autumn meeting of 1849, the N.S.W. champion horses, Emerald and Tally-ho, and the Tasmanian representatives, Coronet and Hollyoak, were beaten by the Victorian horse, Bunyip. On the same day Bunyip also won the Town Plate, Publican's Purse and Ladies' Purse. Next day Bunyip won two races each of 2 miles. During the season Bunyip competed in the 14 principal races, winning them all.

No modern Australian racehorse could survive that staying test, for the simple reason that he would not be given the opportunity, if he were of any class. Nevertheless, veteran sportsmen claim that modern racehorses, sprinters or stayers, are not so tough as the old-timers. Speed seems to have brought infirmities. Nowadays, there are few with the four legs of Pistol and his stock, according to men who remember.

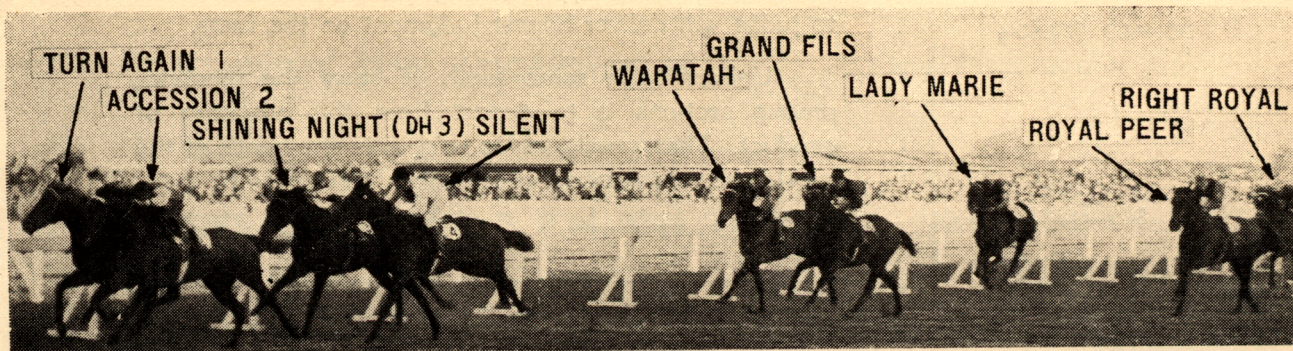
Once again, members are invited to inform the secretary of news items, particularly personal notes, suitable for publication in this magazine.

There is, and always has been, a fine spirit of friendship among racegoers. Sydneysiders returned from the Brisbane racing carnivals have borne witness to this.

Among competitors in the club's billiards tournament is W. Kerr, still keen at 80 years. He does not sight 'em so well as in earlier tournaments, but the spirit is willing, and that is the main consideration. There is no greater loss in life than loss of interest and a withdrawal to the sidelines.

When Tom Prescott arrives in the club without a flower in his lapel—that's news.

Britain's new Ambassador to America shocked "Plum" Warner by telling the Yanks that cricket



FINISH OF THE JAMES BARNES PLATE, 1946.—1st, Turn Again, 7st. 10lb. (F. Williams); 2nd, Accession, 9st. 11lb. (W. Cook); 3rd, Dead Heat, Shining Night, 8st. 5lb. (N. McGrowdie) and Silent, 8st. 3lb. (E. Fordyce). Time, 2m. 19½s

was a dull game, and that he preferred baseball as a spectacle. The Ambassador evidently has not yet forgotten the day he sat out a Hobbs-Sutcliffe opening partnership.

* * *

Mr. George Rowe, secretary of the A.J.C., is making satisfactory progress after an operation, and we join with his many friends in extending good wishes.

* * *

A. E. Grounds, Secretary of the Metal Trades Association of Queensland, and a son of our member, Alf. Grounds, is a delegate to the I.L.O., conference in America. He was educated at Cleveland Street School, and Camden Grammar School.

* * *

We regret to record the death of the following of our members:

Ian Wall, reported missing, believed killed in action at Malaya, January 29, 1942, and now presumed dead. He was elected a member of this club on December 18, 1933.

S. B. S. Cole, on May 20, 1946 (suddenly). Elected a member, 14.4.1930.

Charles Ernest (Charlie) Hall, on May 18, 1946. He had been a book-maker for many years, and in his younger days had played with Glebe (Rugby Union). A cheerful friendly fellow, and well liked. Elected a member, 1.5.1915.

Dr. Alfred Maitland Gledden (82), on May 16, 1946. Known to sportsmen in most parts of the Commonwealth. Elected a member, 16.7.1906.

F. H. Bell on May 13, 1946 (suddenly). Elected a member, 22.8.1936.

William Vanstone, on May 31, 1946. He was the oldest Randwick regular, being 95 years of age. Elected a member 22.9.41.

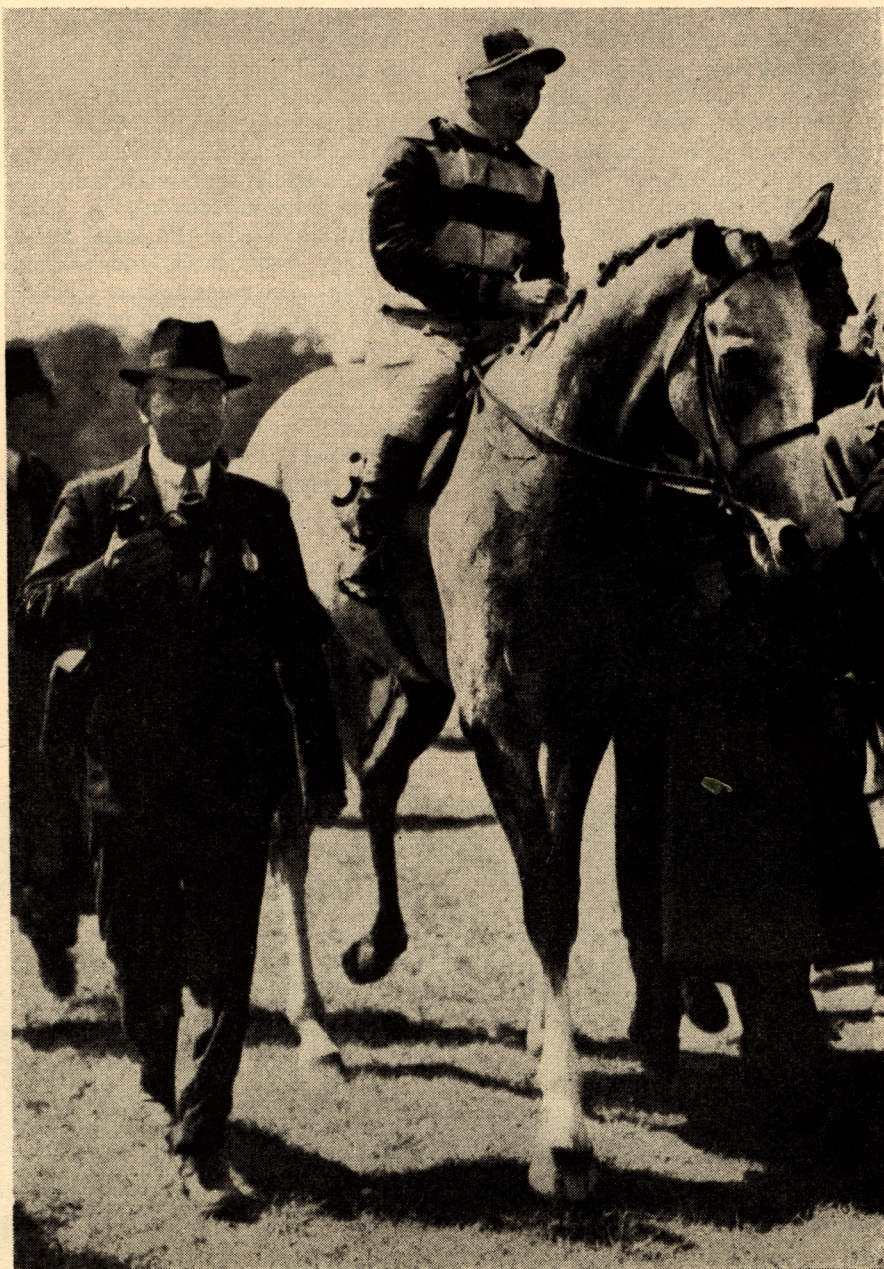
Nathan Joseph Magnus, suddenly, on June 7. Elected a member 30.9.27.

* * *

Hanging in the secretary's office is a framed photograph of Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, surrounded by his staff, aboard his flagship. The pic-

ture is inscribed "Tokio Bay, Sept. 2, 1945. Presented to Tattersall's Club by the officers of the British Pacific Fleet." The gift was made in

conceded accomplishments. Memory of the 1905 "All Blacks" game against Wales is kept alive by periodical reference to the "disputed



AIRBORNE being led in after winning the Derby at Epsom on Wednesday, June 5th, 1946.

acknowledgment of hospitality extended R.N. officers by the club. The years will give this picture historic value.

* * *

Football's history is replete with disputed rulings. People are prone to remember the comparatively few errors more than the long list of

try." 'Twas ever thus. Halos are not for referees. They are forgotten when players and games are remembered. This is all wrong because, if we pause to think—Who contributes more to the game?

* * *

New Zealander W. J. Wallace, one of the greatest backs in the his-

tory of football—and credited with being the most versatile—said, during his playing career: A back, in representative class, should never drop a pass, other than the impossible, any more than a slips-fieldsman, in representative class in cricket, should drop a catch, except in similar circumstances. Wallace took it for granted that representative backs would deliver passes capable of being taken, save in exceptional cases. Wallace said also that backs must tackle hard and low.

* * *

It was sporting on the part of the owners of Flight and Bernborough to have run their horses at Brisbane. Owners and trainers are often criticised by the ill-informed usually, for lack of consideration for the public. Generally speaking, the charge is ill-founded. That the visit proved highly profitable for Bernborough's connections does not alter the fact that sportsmanship inspired the visit.

* * *

Newly-elected officers of the Rotary Club of Sydney include two members of this club—J. Irwin, vice-

president, and A. E. Coulthurst, hon. secretary.

Tribute by the "Daily Mirror" diarist to a club veteran:—William Vanstone, so sprightly at 95 years, that he refused to carry a walking stick to aid him step across Sydney gutters and alight from trams, slipped recently on the steps of a city banking chambers and broke his leg. Badly shaken as well, the veteran did not recover. He came to Australia from England many years ago, went bush, and worked as a carpenter. Soon he was a builder, and from that beginning amassed a fortune in real property and investments. He was a member of the A.J.C. and a regular racegoer. Last time we met at Randwick, on a crowded occasion, I asked him how he proposed to go home. "By tram, of course," was his reply.

* * *

Cable from London telling of a Zulu chief having written in the visitors' book—"Thank God I am a savage," after he had seen in Piccadilly an exhibition of "The Nazi Crime"—recalls a historic parallel.

Cetawayo, Zulu chief, visited London some time in the 'eighties as the nations of the world were rattling their sabres. Asked for his views by "The Times," Cetawayo cracked: "How these Christians love one another!"

* * *

From a correspondent: When Mentor beat Tradition in the Melbourne Cup of 1888 he was owned by Donald Wallace and ridden by Mick O'Brien. A rough parody of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven"—"Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore!'"—was composed by a sporting writer after an urger had barged into his office two weeks before Cup day. One verse:

"What," said I, "about Tradition?

Will he fill a good position?

Was he in the best condition when
he ran so well before?

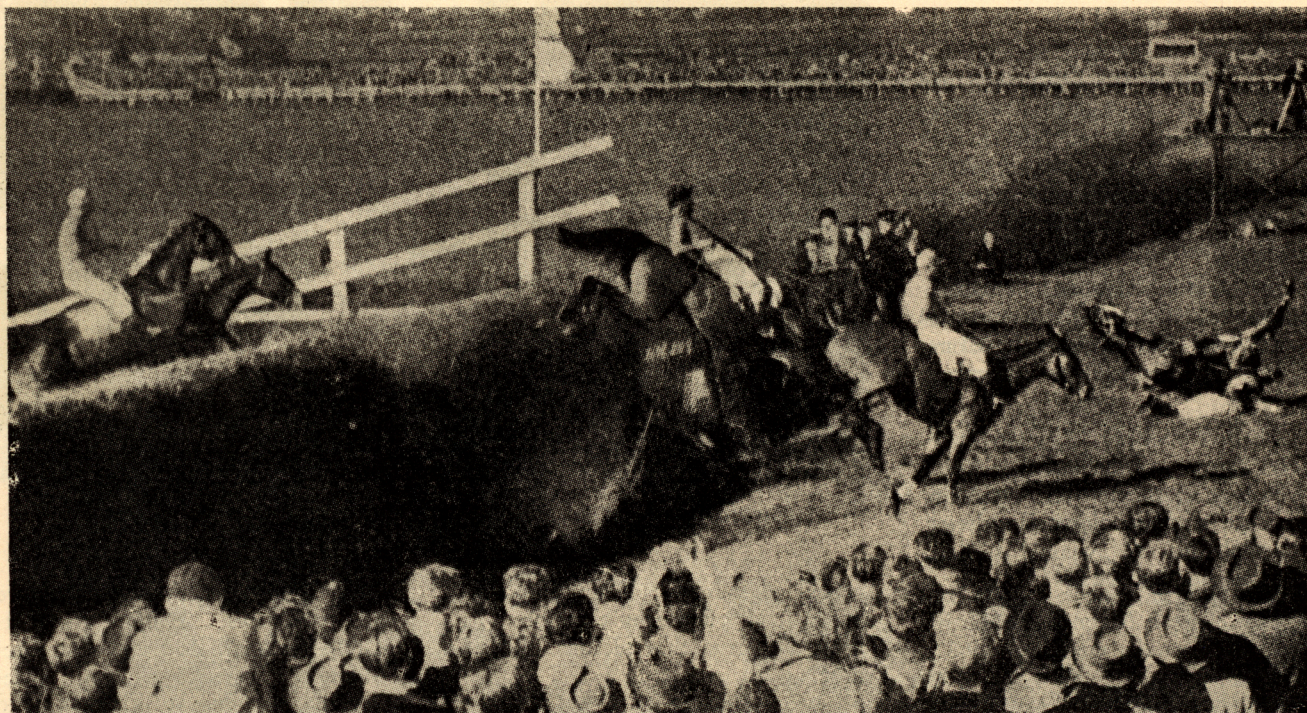
And The Peer, a mere outsider—

Where is found a jockey wider
Known than bold Carlyon's rider?

And Malua is one more—

He whose name will live for ever in
our glorious racing lore . . ."

Quoth the urger: "Back Mentor!"



AT BECHER'S THE SECOND TIME ROUND IN THE GRAND NATIONAL.—Out of a field of 34 there were 27 "casualties," and the French horse Symbole was killed. Prince Regent, the favourite, led after the last fence, but was beaten by the winner, Lovely Cottage, in the run-in, and also by Jack Finlay, who was finishing so strongly that it looked as though he might challenge Lovely Cottage. Limestone Edward took the lead after Becher's, where Newark Hill and Tulyra fell.

Racing has its greatest appeal as a spectacle. Crowds increase or decline according to the quality of the horses competing, which is why wise administration seek nominations from other States. For example, the big Brisbane meetings were made by the presence of Bernborough and Flight, among others. Sydneysiders returned from the northern city said that the authorities up there intended to base their future plans on that policy—and good luck to them!

* * *

Is there such a thing in the racing game as being "on the wrong leg?"—in other words, striking a patch when everything goes wrong? Owners, trainers and jockeys have found themselves in that unhappy position, and have expressed themselves in those terms. Their horses have been set to win, and are apparently good enough to win on the day, but they "run into trouble" or "the bolter comes home." This goes on with exasperating frequency, until the day when the money is landed. Thereafter, the connections often enjoy a run of successes, and for this they credit change of fortune with a good deal more than their own skill and patient planning.

* * *

There have been lucky owners and unlucky ones. Why this should be so has always been, and remains, a riddle. What is of greater importance to the racing game is that the supply of optimists should not run out.

* * *

Summarising the conversation of club veterans: A great horse is one which realises great expectations by running, and winning, great races, often against great odds. Whether Bernborough is as great as Phar Lap was is important only as a historic reflection. It will be time to talk of that when Romano's horse passes into history.

* * *

We had been reading so much of late about Bernborough and his "miracle wins," so much about "potential Test stars," not to mention "slug feasts," that a stately sentence written in the "Daily Telegraph" by Kenneth Williamson — reviewing

Sydney Symphony Orchestra's concert, conducted by Eugene Goossens—lifted our thoughts from the slough of the commonplace:

The brass and lower string tone took on a richness, a resonant darkness of colour, which gave the whole score a sombre, portentous beauty.

* * *

Larwood has retired from professional cricket and is running a business—sweets and cigarettes—in Blackpool. His wife and four daughters, he says, "always wanted to settle in Blackpool, and now we've made it." Before the war the fast bowler played with the Blackpool Club in the Ribblesdale League as a pro, and he considers this the happiest cricket he ever played. "We always enjoyed ourselves, win or lose," he says, "and there were no inquests." At 42, still wiry and fit, Larwood plays again with Blackpool this summer, as Mr. Larwood.—"The Bulletin."

* * *

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. D. MacDonald, of this club, I was able to read "The Life of an Artist," being the autobiography of Sir John Lavery, R.A. This supremely gifted man, who traded in the refinements of beauty, carried into maturity the bitterness of poverty, squalor, crudity, and cruelty that had marred his boyhood. His mother, whom he was too young to remember, died of a broken heart after she had been deserted by her husband, and the offspring were handed over to the care of relatives. Young John went to live with an uncle and aunt and their family, by whom—his aunt in particular—he was starved and beaten while he slaved on a farm. His genius uplifted him above these pitiful conditions, ultimately, but his very soul was embittered. He was a man in revolt against society. Even his own family did not escape. One dark night, a sister, who had come to his home for sanctuary, he refused to allow enter. She suicided—and her ghost haunted him down the years.

* * *

These experiences he related in his autobiography with a strange

mixture of remorse and callousness. His fine sensibilities on the artistic side had been blunted in human relationships. His life's story is an inspiration and—a warning.

HELP FOR OWNERS

Still More Progress

Part payment of freights on racehorses has been introduced in England, a procedure which has become common in Australia.

This is all part of the plan to put racing on a new plane in Britain.

When the stewards of the Jockey Club published their declaration of policy some weeks ago, they included a recommendation that the cost to owners of conveying horses from the training stables to the course should be lessened.

This recommendation has now been adopted, and the Racecourse Betting Control Board have given their approval to a scheme. This year, for journeys of from 30 to 99 miles, the subsidy will be £2/10/- for individual runners and for journeys over that length the subsidy will be £5. It is intended to watch the working of the scheme very closely, and to put into effect next year any improvements which may suggest themselves this season.

REVERSE PROCESS

Mare for South Africa

For the first time in history a thoroughbred mare is being sent to South Africa from England to be mated.

Arrangements have been completed between Lord Astor and the executors of the late Sir Abe Bailey, and the stallion to make this appeal to one of the foremost breeders in England is Jubie, recognised as one of South Africa's best bred horses at stud.

Jubie is by Biribi (a great racehorse in France and a successful sire) out of Jura, by Gainsborough out of Sceptre's daughter, Maid of the Mist.

The Turkish National Stud

The Turks are by tradition a nation of horsemen, and they go far to live up to it. Even the horses that pull the carts of the poor working men usually have good barrels on them, in spite of the high cost of food.

So it is in keeping that one of the earliest undertakings of the young Turkish Republic, in 1926, only three years after its proclamation, was the establishment of a national stud farm.

For the purpose it selected a place in the neighbourhood of Bursa, more familiar to us as Brusa, the beautiful capital of the ancient sultans. The farm itself had been in existence since the fourteenth century, for it is on record that Sultan Murad I, presented it as a gift to his favourite wife.

Named After Commander.

In establishing the stud on this farm the Ministry of Agriculture gave it the name Karacabey (pronounced Karaja Bey, for the Turkish C has the value of the English J), after the man who commanded the Turkish cavalry at Mohammed II's victorious assault upon Constantinople in 1453.

It must be one of the largest horse-breeding establishments in the world; for it has allotted to it an area of no less than 100,000 acres, about forty square miles. Of these, eight are allocated to ordinary agriculture and four reserved for grazing land. It is organised with a view to being self-supporting, and very nearly is.

Of all the foodstuffs that Turkey produces, it provides everything except salt and olive oil, so essential to Turkish cooking, and in a few years the latter will be available. There are no less than sixty acres under vineyards, where sixteen different varieties of grape are cultivated, and it is hoped next year to start producing wine. There is a market garden of twenty acres, and about thirty are reserved for parks.

Large numbers of plane trees have been planted in order to provide shade for the horses, and last year 16,000 young pines were planted. The stud employs 500 labourers per-

manently and in the summer as many more hands are taken on for farming operations. The budget for this year was 1,000,800 pounds Turkish.

School and Hospital.

The farm is richly endowed with buildings. Attached to the central office is a guest house—like everything else, on modern lines, with central heating and twenty rooms; each bedroom has a tiled bathroom with permanent hot water. There are seventy-five dwelling houses for the men and their families, whose requirements are well looked after. There is even a school where at present 58 children are receiving primary education, and a small hospital with a dozen beds. There are several modern houses for members of the staff.

The animals, too, are well provided for. There are eight large stables, of which two are on English lines for the English horses. There are half a dozen large concrete sheds for the cattle, eight for sheep and twenty fowl houses. There are four big sheds for vehicles and farming instruments, a slaughter house, a capacious veterinary hospital, and three large barns, each capable of taking a thousand tons of corn. All the buildings are lit by electricity produced on the premises.

The total number of horses upon the farm at present is 786. Of these 46 are English thoroughbreds, which are valued at about £20,000.

The three stallions are Coup de Roi, Legal Fare and Ali Shag. Legal Fare by Manna—Book Law, was sold to the stud by Lord Astor, Coup de Roi, by Winalot—Sky Royal, was sold by Sir Percy Loraine, formerly British Ambassador to Turkey, who has been a great friend of the stud.

Valuable Yearlings.

There are twelve yearlings sired by Coup de Roi and two by Legal Fare. Also a couple of foals by Coup de Roi out of Donna Diana and Zenart respectively.

The administration is determined

to keep the farm on the most modern lines. Artificial insemination, tried first in 1938, has been very successful. The Russian method is employed, but the managers are anxious to try the English system, and would welcome any help for the purpose.

The Director, in fact, sends a request to his British colleagues for printed matter and illustrations on this subject.

The jockey school is very well organised, on military lines. It is training 75 boys for a period of six years. There is a short course of two years for stable boys and a three-year course for the jockeys. The Turks believe in catching them young, for little boys of eight are accepted. The training carries the obligation of working on the farm for two years, after which they are at liberty. Mrs. Smith-Lyte, to whom I am indebted for this information, says it is quite startling to see these youngsters of only eleven or twelve years of age handling their charges with all the confidence of veterans.

A number of English horses are sold to private buyers every year. Last winter ten English yearlings were sold. They fetch prices from about £1,400 to £4,000 and even more. At the time of writing there are fourteen horses ready for sale for the coming racing season. Performance by English horses has been very satisfactory, with a good proportion of wins. No record, however, is kept after they have left the farm.

In 1938 the management bought English horses to the value of over £7,000, and the Director, Abdulkadir Gokten, is very anxious to secure some more English thoroughbreds, and hopes that the necessary facilities will be given. The English thoroughbred is vital to the very existence of the stud, for it needs its characteristics for the half-breed, which is the stud's most successful product and forms no less than 80 per cent. of its stock.—Malcolm Burr, D.Sc., From "Horse and Hound."

Billiards and Snooker

The Victory Tournament

The Club's Victory Billiards and Snooker tournaments are now well on the way, and creating unusual interest.

It is six years since the Committee last framed such events, and attendances at the various heats provide sufficient evidence that official ideas run parallel with the wish of members.

Trophies, in each section, run to £50, £20, £10 and £10.

The system of recognising each of the four last players left in is to be commended.

It was apropos that Chairman Stan Chatterton should be drawn to play in the first heat. That took place on Monday, June 3, and evoked great enthusiasm.

Ralph Doyle provided the opposition, and fortunes fluctuated in rare style.

At one stage, had the contest been a turf affair, the loser's odds would have been of the Bernborough variety — as one member said: "£1000 to a puff of a cigarette," but dogged play by our chairman eventually took him to within hailing distance, and he eventually got to his points first. Final scores—250-235—are fair indication of the play.

Immediately following the billiards, Messrs. J. L. McDermott and J. A. McClean engaged in the first snooker heat, in which the lastnamed thoroughly enjoyed himself with

some brilliant potting and even gaining on the 15 points conceded him by the handicappers.

Viewed from any angle, the opening was worthy the occasion.

Elsewhere the complete score of victories is recorded.

Billiards is a funny game. Tom Reece, whose "needle" games against Melbourne Inman over the years, used the phrase thousands of times.

He used to say: "I would have won but for that awful fluke Inman got."

A curious thing about billiards is that it is always the other chap who gets the flukes. Memory is frequently hazy regarding our own bits of good fortune, but tenacious to a degree regarding flukes by opponents.

It is well that there are such things as flukes. Players have been known who could not finish a game of 50-up in half a day otherwise. But, as against that, the fluker usually invests a contest with a certain amount of humour, and especially so in club engagements such as those obtaining in the present tournaments.

There is one point about flukes that is rarely noticed.

The "fluked position" is of far greater value than the actual two or three points scored, and the same would apply to the "fluked leave" which was something your opponent never dreamed about.

The better the player the fewer the flukes.

A barrister once worked it out that, among novices, playing for flukes alone was as good as any other method of trying to score.

Another gentleman, a mathematician, worked a theory out scientifically and found that, provided the balls kept running, they must, at some time or another, find a pocket or make contact with the second ball.

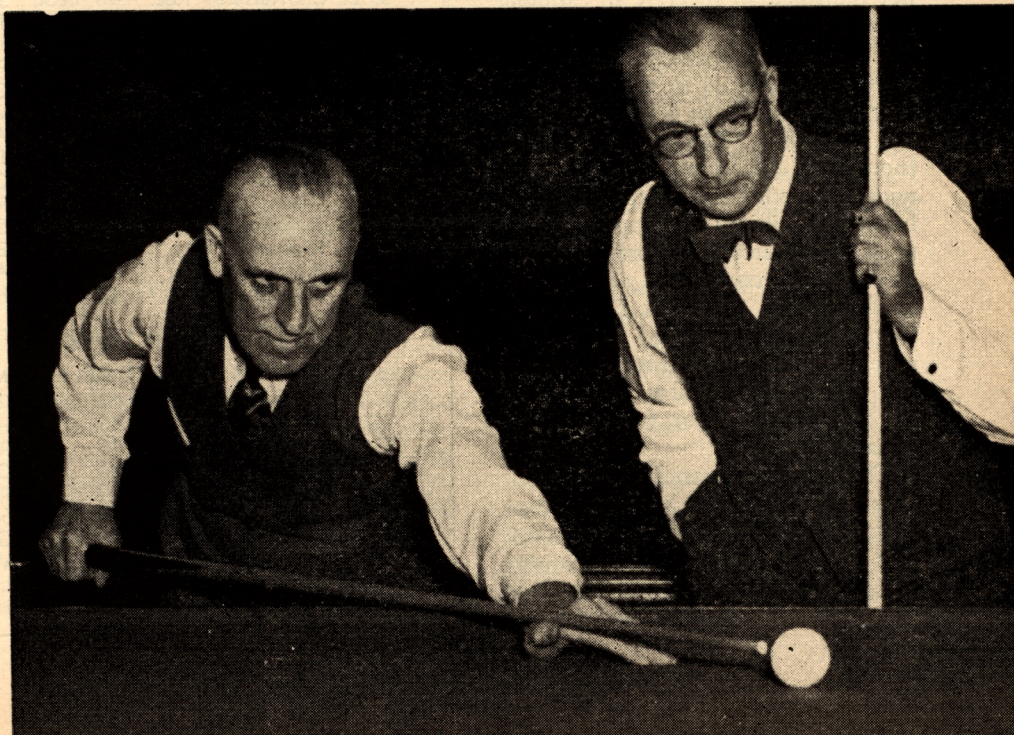
On figures, he was indisputably correct. Only thing required is to secure a set of jet-propelled balls!

Work it out any way the reader likes, the fact remains that the lucky fluke adds spice to the game and joy comes with the unexpected gift score.

Main thing to remember is that we all get our turn.

The setting in our club for big tournaments is all that could be desired, and the harmony reigning provides ample evidence that our members, at least, can enjoy the other chap's good fortune, as witness the "ragging" by spectators. Actually, a fluke brings everybody into the game. And we would not have it otherwise.

Tattersall's Club Victory Billiards and Snooker Tournament —the first competition conducted by the Club for six years. Chairman, Mr. Stan Chatterton (left), is in play against Mr. Ralph Doyle.



Snooker's Origin

How Colours Increased

I know a golfer who is never happy with short putts and yet has won putting competitions. There are good billiard players who are weak at potting, and yet make quite a good show in snooker. There are good snooker players who do not pot particularly well when playing billiards, writes "The Field's" expert.

I have watched a few billiard and snooker league matches this season, and have seen an outstanding snooker player lose two important billiard games by missing, not easy pots, but very easy pots. I do not think it has anything to do with nerves, though there is a certain amount of nervous strain on such occasions. That would scarcely be the reason, however, with a player like Horace Lindrum. The last time I watched him in exhibition games of billiards and snooker, he did himself less than justice in the former, though his snooker was all right, as usual. His breakdowns at billiards all came from missed pots. Curious!

There is very little margin of error in a pot. Any slight tension in cue action is apt to be fatal. "Keep your eye on the ball" is as necessary in potting as in golf. The slightest lapse in concentration at the critical moment is pretty sure to be costly. A little inaccuracy is not punished so severely in cannons or in-offs.

Speaking of potting, how very popular snooker is in these days. It outrivals billiards in a large percentage of clubs. The man who first thought of combining billiards, pyramids and pool left a legacy of happy hours for millions of people. Snooker is an interesting word. It was first used in connection with a billiard table in 1875. A Devonshire Regiment was stationed in Juppulpore in India, and during the Rains the Mess billiard table was naturally in great request for pool and billiards.

There was a variation of pool, called black pool, in those days which players found entertaining. The black ball was added as a sort of "public property" ball. Its place was on the middle spot, and anyone

who took it was paid the agreed stake by all the other players. If the striker made a foul stroke when on the black ball, he paid the same stake to all the other players.

Who first suggested the addition of the black to pool is not known. A young subaltern of the Devons, named Chamberlain, one night suddenly said, "Let's put on another colour." This was done; anything for a change in the rainy season! Thus black and pink pool was born. The rules can be found in the Badminton book on billiards.

On this particular night a subaltern of the Juppulpore Field Battery was a guest of the Devons, and he foregathered with young Chamberlain (afterwards Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain). During the conversation at dinner he told Chamberlain how cadets in their last year at Woolwich were called "Snookers."

After dinner, during a game of black and pink pool, Chamberlain aired his newly-acquired knowledge by calling out to a player who had missed an easy pot, "You're a regular snooker." Explanations followed, and, to soothe the culprit's ruff-

led feelings, Chamberlain added: "We are all Snookers, in a sense, on the billiard table, why not call the game snooker?" The suggestion was adopted.

This may be regarded more or less as the beginning of snooker as we know it. It was not snooker, of course. It was a pool game and was called snooker pool, or snookers pool. Modern snooker is not a pool game, and is very different from snooker pool. Who suggested the addition of the pyramid balls is not known. I dare say it will never be known; the pink and black were not always used in snooker. When not used, the blue went to the billiard spot, brown on the middle spot, green at the apex of the triangle, and yellow on the middle baulk spot.

When all the colours were used, blue went to the apex of the triangle and pink on the middle spot, black on billiard spot, and sometimes black and pink were reversed.

It took snooker a long time to catch on in this country. I think it was well in the 20th century before I played it. I used to have difficulty in remembering the respective positions of the green and yellow, till a friend told me that he remembered it because he had a friend named Leonard Green! It was easy after that.

VICTORY SNOOKER TOURNAMENT, 1946

RESULT OF PRELIMINARY ROUND.

S. E. Chatterton	Rec.	40	beat	S. Peters	Rec.	40	by	37
J. A. McClean	"	60	"	J. L. McDermott	"	45	"	41
D. Lotherington	"	55	"	Harold Hill	"	35	"	41
C. C. Hoole	"	50	"	F. Vockler	"	15	Forfeit	
V. H. Pearson	"	60	"	G. H. Proudman	"	60	by	28
T. A. Richards	"	50	"	W. G. Marshall	"	45	"	8
P. J. Schwarz	"	40	"	A. H. Charleston	"	50	"	27
H. F. Kent	"	30	"	J. A. Roles	"	40	"	10
C. L. Parker	"	45	"	Chas. Rich	"	65	"	12
C. E. Young	"	15	"	R. R. Doyle	"	50	"	11
R. H. Alderson	"	30	"	G. Chiene	"	55	"	18
L. G. Richards	"	40	"	E. S. Pointing	"	45	"	35
B. M. Lane	"	25	"	A. R. Buckle	"	45	"	26
J. H. Peoples	"	45	"	H. E. Nagel	"	50	"	31

VICTORY BILLIARD TOURNAMENT, 1946

RESULT OF PRELIMINARY ROUND.

S. E. Chatterton	Rec.	100	beat	R. R. Doyle	Rec.	140	by	16
"G.J.W."	"	40	"	H. F. Kent	"	50	"	55
F. E. Headlam	"	75	"	R. E. Edmondson	"	110	"	84
A. R. Buckle	"	120	"	C. H. Rowlandson	"	140	Forfeit	
B. M. Lane	"	100	"	R. H. Alderson	"	30	by	3
R. G. Mead	"	110	"	S. Peters	"	45	"	17
H. F. R. Brooks	"	140	"	G. H. Booth	"	125	"	32
J. Harris	"	110	"	W. Askew	"	120	Forfeit	
J. H. Peoples	"	140	"	L. H. Howarth	"	120	by	13
H. J. Robertson	Owes	150	"	H. E. Nagel	"	130	Forfeit	

The Naval Tradition

By Arthur Bryant

Reproduced from The Illustrated London News.

A few days ago I put to a distinguished naval officer a question to which I have often tried to define an answer. In what, I asked, consists the astonishing genius of the Royal Navy for evoking virtue from men and for winning their affection and loyalty—a genius which, as far as I can see, has been evolved through the centuries and steadily developed.

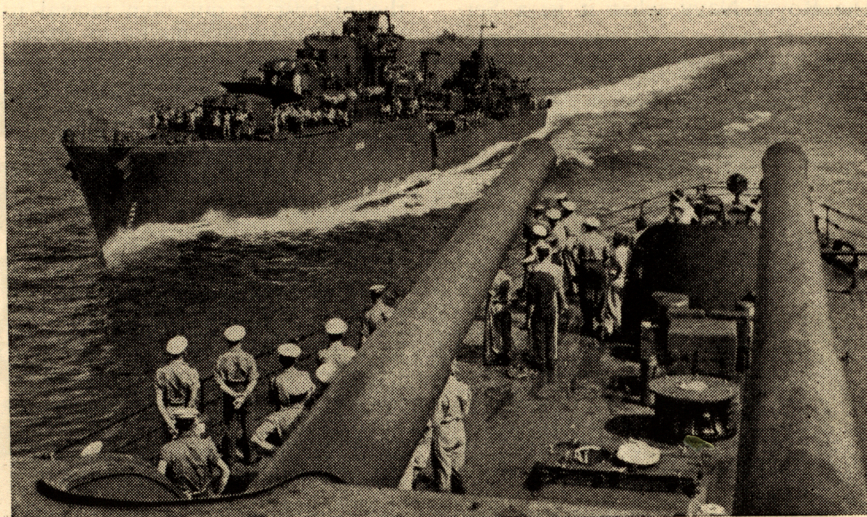
He answered, without a moment's hesitation, "a system of manners." It was a system, he said, based on long experience and directed to solving the practical problem of enabling men to live and work together in the confined and crowded conditions of life afloat. Without it the sailor's life would be intolerable and naval efficiency and discipline impossible. Remembering the many times in history in which the sea service of nations with a less clearly defined naval tradition has broken down, it is easy to apprehend his meaning. And on a lower plane, it is, I suppose, that system of manners which makes a visit to one of His Majesty's ships-of-war as a casual guest one of the most pleasurable experiences of a lifetime. Indeed, I have always found it most pleasurable of all in war time, when that system of manners is most urgently needed and therefore most in evidence.

What is this system of manners? I think it can be indicated in four words: consideration for other seamen. By this I do not mean a weak or sentimental consideration; life at sea, and most of all in war time, is hard, and anything but a stern and realist consideration for the other fellow's lot would be a mistaken and cruel sort of kindness. The best-wearing and most useful gifts one sailor can give another are courage, capacity for endurance, and self-respect; for without these the latter end of a sailor must be disaster and shame. To enable a man to be a man, in the Navy's view, there is the highest service one man can do another. And the wise men who

through the centuries have built up the unwritten code of naval behaviour and tradition have always had this fundamental truth firmly in their minds.

Yet the basis of British naval discipline, stern and spartan as it is, is never obedience for its own sake: but obedience for the sake of ship

of its maritime traditions, a seafaring people was grappling with the greatest peril in its history and facing almost insuperable odds, it was saved by the flawless courage, faith and leadership of Admirals and Captains who had served as young Lieutenant-Commanders, Lieutenants and Midshipmen under John Jellicoe.



H.M.A.S. Arunta coming alongside H.M.A.S. Shropshire to receive special orders during operations off the Philippines.

—Department of Information Photo.

and crew and the common well-being of all. Whenever that ideal has been departed from—and sometimes, in the easy times of peace and in the hands of lesser men, it has been—the glory of the Navy has suffered an eclipse. Happily such eclipses have never been for long; some master educator, himself steeped in the highest traditions of the Service, has appeared to remind it of the great human truth by which it lives.

Nelson was such an educator; so in more recent times was Jellicoe. The supreme service of the latter to his country was not that he defeated—as he did—the threat of the Kaiser's High Seas Fleet to Britain's existence and the world's liberty, but that he retouched the entire Service with something of the magic of Nelson's selfless spirit. Years later, when, after two decades of neglect

Nelson once stated that he had the happiness to command a band of brothers. It was Jellicoe's lifelong study to do the same.

The source of these men's power, and of that of many thousands of naval officers who modelled themselves on the same great tradition, has been a studied and habitual selflessness. "It was no wonder," wrote Mahan, "that the common sailors idolised Nelson, since he was always thinking about them, and won their hearts by showing his own." "Officers," Jellicoe once wrote, "must be taught that their first duty is the well-being of those under them."

In that phrase he summed up the whole British naval tradition. Though at times it may have seemed otherwise to superficial observers, it is the very antithesis of Prussianism; for it is based not on machinery

but on humanity. And humanity not at its lowest but at its highest level, it being the constant reminder of all naval precept that man is not only a body but a spirit. It is not, for instance, automatic obedience to orders that the Navy seeks to instil, but the active habit and spirit of discipline: not the mechanical performance of duty but the invincible resolution to do one's duty on all occasions. "Pride of service," Lord Jellicoe once wrote, "is essential to the true spirit of discipline."

It is this insistence on the spirit, this practical and transmitted belief in its all-importance, that has made the Royal Navy what it is, a Ser-

ies of certain great human truths that have been forgotten almost everywhere else. "Manners," runs the old saying, "makyth man." But in our eager, clever, greedy, machine age, man is the one thing we have forgotten how to make. The Services, almost alone among adult institutions, have remembered, and it is well that they have done so; we should not have weathered the great storms of the past six years otherwise.

We shall certainly, before long, encounter other storms as fierce or fiercer unless we relearn the greatest of all crafts—the fashioning to the highest of our own mortal na-

barism in the face and seen its dripping jaws; I should give my millions to found enduring institutions where men and women could study how best to master their own natures.

Like the ancient Christian university curricula which we have too long neglected and despised, mine would be founded to teach men to know their Maker, respect themselves and honour their neighbours. And if, before I died, I saw it turning out scholars with morals and manners as good as those of the British Navy, I should feel that my money had certainly not been wasted.

The Late Jack Johnson

The only man who ever K.O.'d Jack Johnson, after his winning of the world's championship was Jesse Willard; and that was because the black went down to buy his way back to his native land, America. It was an abject act of appeasement, but Johnson had tired of bull-fighting in Spain. His only guarantee against arrest on re-entering America—and probably being sent along for a long stretch on a moral delinquency charge, as was said at the time—was to re-establish the white man as King in the world of stoush. To crawl in he had to lie down; and this he did cheerfully.

As a boxer, Johnson will be classed among the best in history; as a man he will be rated as an arrogant, vulgar limelighter.

When Johnson met the great American Middleweight, Stanley Ketchel, there seemed to have been an arrangement that the contest should go for so many rounds for the sake of the motion pictures. Apparently, Ketchel attempted to slip one over while Johnson was coasting along confidently that no harm would come his way. Woosh! . . . and down went the black. Ketchel, who could hit with the power of a heavyweight, had crossed—or, rather, double-crossed—the black brudder. Johnson rose quickly and put Ketchel to sleep with a battery of left-right-left-right.

The lighter man, of course, had believed that no man, not excepting Johnson, could rise after receiving the full force of his right-hand punch.



"... WE THANK THEE, O LORD."

The whole of the ship's company of H.M.A.S. Hobart were present at a service on the quarter-deck, held to give thanks for Victory in Europe.

—Australian Official Photo.

vice of Gentlemen. "Recollect," Nelson declared, "that you cannot be a good officer without being a gentleman." The same proud motto may be said to govern, however unconsciously, the homely mind of the lower deck. The author of the beautiful ballad—and there are few things more beautiful in our language—"Tom Bowling," knew what he was writing about. It is the unspoken pride of the humblest British seaman to honour his word, to be gentle to the weak, to be loyal to his comrades, to do his duty.

It is time, perhaps, to realise that we can learn lessons from our great traditional fighting Services, other than those of valour and technical skill in war. For they are repositor-

tures. Man is a terrible machine when he goes wrong; we need but turn to the life of Adolph Hitler with all its monstrous consequences to remind us of this mournful truth. The neglected, stunted, spirit-starved gangster who terrorised and tortured his fellow-men in many a European land and city, is evidence enough.

The study of morals and their foundation, manners, is the study which the world most needs to-day. If I were a millionaire I should not endow yet another university or college for teaching man to master nature—to split the atom, to multiply comforts and appetites, to facilitate and universalise destruction. Instead I should do as the men of old did who, like us, had also looked bar-

Toll of the Road

Expert on World Problem

While Australian cities have their growing problem in attempting to make the roads safe for all, their troubles are small in comparison.

In densely-populated Europe and in England in particular, this question has become so alive that it is discussed by the well-known racing car driver Sir Malcolm Campbell.

No man could be more competent to write on the motor car, its driver and the roads, and he does not overlook the defence of the private car owner.

Much attention is being paid at the moment by the Press, the B.B.C., and other interests to the unfortunately-increasing number of accidents, fatal and non-fatal, writes Sir Malcolm. These are an almost inevitable accompaniment of the ever-growing volume of traffic of all descriptions which is a feature of these first months of peace and return to normal activities. As always, the finger is being pointed at "the motorist," who is held to be the major cause of all road accidents.

There is no doubt the public at large interprets the term motorist as applying to the one who owns and drives a private motor car. All other types of vehicles, together with their drivers, remain unclassified in the public mind. The motor-omnibus, the lorry, the delivery van, and all the rest of the automobile community are left out of consideration when the subject of discussion is "the motorist" and his sins of commission and omission. One would almost think that no type of vehicle, excepting the private car, and no driver but the type whose generic name is motorist, is ever involved in accidents on the highway.

It is really time the cloud of prejudice was swept away, the term motorist allowed to sink into oblivion, and a fair and judicial effort made to discover and remedy the present condition of things. That we shall never do, so long as by implication the chief offender against highway canons is the private driver.

Low Percentage.

As a matter of fact, the latest analysis of road accidents shows that

"the motorist," i.e., the private driver of the private car, is involved in no more than $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of all accidents, fatal and non-fatal. Having regard to the proportionate numbers of vehicles in all classes, the figure shows that the private car is a long way from being the dangerous vehicle so many hold it to be. Indeed, it is just about the safest of all the self-propelled classes.

I cannot help thinking that the present admittedly serious state of things, in which the numbers of recorded accidents are going up month by month, is to a great extent transient, and is bound to improve as time goes on. My reason for thinking thus is that, after more than six years of war conditions, the whole of the road-using community is going through a process of re-education in its use of the highways. During those six years wheeled traffic of every kind has been at a minimum. A great deal of that minimum traffic has moved in convoys, large or small, and there has been a virtual absence of that heterogeneous mass of vehicles which we used normally to call "traffic." So we proceeded to forget, in large part, all those safety maxims which teaching and experience had made us familiar with. Now that we are getting back to more normal conditions we have to re-learn, or at least to re-apply them.

Road Sense Lost.

I am quite sure that anyone who uses the roads much and who keeps his eyes open will agree with me in this. There is certainly not the same standard of care observable as was the case in the pre-war years. Road sense seems to be lacking—even dogs seem to have lost it—and until we get it back there will be more accidents than would otherwise happen. But this is not the whole answer to the general question of road accidents, and what is to be done about it all. Far from it.

Our road system is archaic and has grown up without any apparent thought for the future. Ever since the days of the turnpike, high-

way policy, if it can be called a policy, has mainly consisted in an effort to make the traffic fit the roads instead of adapting the latter to fit in with the development of the vehicle. It is true that in recent years we have developed new arterial and by-pass roads to quite a reasonable extent, and it is also true that the outbreak of war led to further schemes being held up or abandoned altogether.

There is an opportunity now for the inauguration of a long-term policy of highway construction and improvement. A great deal of money will have to be spent to make good war damage and neglect. One thing is certain, that in view of the increase in road transport which is due as soon as we return to normality, without such a long-term policy the tale of accidents will rise. It will certainly not decrease.

When one delves into the ancient in turf history it is revealed that Australia's first horse-racing venture was in the Apple Isle—Tasmania, though some find this hard to believe.

As a fact, Tasmanians claim that its Turf Club was founded at Ross, 121 years ago. The club thrived in that midland township for some years with Tassie's then State Governor, Sir George Arthur, as first patron. Succeeding representatives of H.M. the King have occupied similar positions.

Father of Tasmanian racing, C. B. Hardwicke, was founder and first secretary of the club, and he lived until 1880 to see the T.T.C. become Tassie's senior club.

* * *

While on the subject of Tasmanian racing it will interest club members who don't bother about old-time doings to learn that Australia's famous old race—the 3 Miles Champion Stakes—was once run at Mowbray. Starting in 1865 five of the series were decided. At Mowbray, incidentally, starting barriers were introduced in 1895.

Heed that Hunch

(Condensed from The American Magazine.)

Everyone has hunches, but most of us fail to cultivate them. Children share with geniuses an open, inquiring, uninhibited quality of mind. As we grow up our minds become crusted over with conventional ideas. Often at six a boy displays real inventive talent, only to lose it a few years later.

What stifles the creative spark? It could be that our present system of teaching squashes originality. "Education" literally means a "drawing out" of powers within the mind. In most classrooms to-day it is anything but that. Instead of being taught to think, children are taught to parrot the great thoughts of the "authorities"—which all too often turn out to be wrong. If we want more Edisons—and the world can use them!—our schools will have to de-emphasise mere memory drills and start teaching intuition. For intuition can be taught. We've proved that in our laboratories.

Prior to the war the General Electric Company provided an experimental course in creative engineering for a selected group of college graduates, to see if we could teach inventors to invent. The 20 boys who entered the course each year were circulated from laboratory to laboratory to get the stimulus of the company's most creative minds. Bull sessions were organized, in which the men were encouraged to discuss their own hunches and tear apart one another's bright ideas. Classroom work consisted principally of projects offering a challenge to their ingenuity—questions like: "How would you go about inventing a machine to typewrite music?"

One young man who had never invented anything before was inspired during his two years with the class to produce 13 patentable ideas. Among the 200 graduates there have been practically no failures. One man can claim credit for a significant improvement in the magnetos on military planes. Another has done important work on superchargers.

These men in our laboratory pick their own subjects for research. They follow their own interests, wherever they may lead, and it's wonderful and exciting fun. That's why, I'm convinced, they have so many and such productive ideas.

How do inventions come about? It's generally a hunch that starts the inventor on his quest—an inward feeling that the solution of the problem lies in a certain direction or a certain group of facts.

"A man may think he reasons out the answer to a problem by cold logic," says Dr. Willis R. Whitney, dean of General Electric scientists, an inventor who has contributed to almost half a century of electrical progress. "Actually he reaches the solution through a hunch, and work out the reasons afterwards. I used to disregard my hunches. But I've learned from my friend the turtle that you've got to stick your neck out to get any place."

Of course, hard work invariably precedes the flash of inspiration. As Pasteur observed: "Intuition is given only to him who has undergone long preparation for receiving it."

Intuition may strike when one least expects it. A prize-winning idea popped into the mind of one of our researchers while he was chopping ice from his front steps. Another man tells me that a discovery occurred to him in the midst of shaving. In my own work with high temperature arcs and electric circuits, my hunches come to me most frequently in bed, in a plane, or while staring out of a Pullman window. I always have pad and pencil handy on my bedside table to jot down thoughts occurring in the night. Pocket memo. cards receive the hunches that I get by day.

Be on the alert for hunches, and whenever you find one hovering on the threshold of your consciousness, welcome it with open arms. Aim to keep an open mind. Don't rely too much on logic. Try to locate the treasure chest of ideas which lies hidden at the back of your brain.

CORPS PUGILISTIQUE

The brand of Mace and Foley was on the fighting men who formed the Corps Pugilistique of "Foley's Athletic Hall" between 1884 and 1890. Mr. Foley was a frugal-minded man, and his largesse consisted mostly of good advice. His pugs were paid principally in pearls of Mr. Foley's fistic wisdom (wrote Jim Donald in the "Daily Mirror").

Fitzsimmons, Dooley, Paddy Gorman, "Ironbark" Burge and "Torpedo" Billy Murphy fought for purses ranging from a "fiver" to a "pony" (£25). Griffo and "Chiddy" Ryan, after one particularly brilliant set-to, were rewarded with a "shower"—from which Mr. Foley carefully extracted the gold and magnanimously distributed the pieces of silver. "Good luck, boys," beamed Larry Foley. "Listen to me, d'ye see, I'm gettin' 'Smiler' 'Ales to put yer names in the paper." "Blime, Mister Foley, dat ain't much good ter me," complained the "fedder." "I can't read."

One by one—wild geese of glove-dom—Foley's boys spread their wings and flew overseas, trailing clouds of glory in the boxing rings of the old world. In a sequence of sharp vignettes we glimpse Griffo holding American boxing crowds spellbound by the wizardry of his gloveplay. Even to-day they tell of Griffo, pot-bellied, half-trained, a fitting phantom, foiling the great "Kid" Lavigne's fierce rushes with consummate ease. Ever and anon the "Rocks Marvel" electrifies the onlookers with dazzling bursts of glove fire and sets them in a roar with the Elizabethan byplay of drinking bottles of beer in his corner. Lavigne was a great fighting lightweight, but Griffo beat him pointless, and had to be content with a draw.

It is a far cry from Foley's dingy hall to the sun-drenched arena at Carson City, Nevada, and Fitzsimmons—former £5 purse fighter for Foley—burying his freckled left fist in Corbett's midriff to win the heavyweight championship of the world. It was Fitz's second world title, and he was to win another crown (light-heavy) before shuffling off this mortal coil.

Round Aintree on One Rein

Sergeant Murphy's Exploit

It has been my good fortune to have seen 20 and more good horses win the Grand National. But there was one performance which, in my humble opinion, just stands out from them all, and that was Sergeant Murphy's gallant race in 1922, when he finished fourth (writes Snaffles in the "Field"). In spite of being badly interfered with during the first circuit of the course, he conveyed his rider safely over four miles of the Aintree "Country" with only one side of the rein with which to navigate. In these sketches I have endeavoured to portray what actually happened as I saw the race from the Canal Stand.

In those days the Canal Turn fence had a yawning open ditch in front of it, and was not an obstacle to be treated flippantly. The three leading horses, Music Hall, Drifter and Arravale, jumped it in advance of the main body. The latter all steered for the left-hand side with the idea of cutting the corner. Several of the foremost horses then refused and a jam ensued, which brought them all up to a stand and, by the bewildered expressions on the riders' faces, it was evident that they were making up their minds to call it a day and go home. But there were two staunch spirits in this crowd of jockeys and horses, Charlie Hawkins and Sergeant Murphy, who were making their debut at Aintree and were determined to finish the course. Pushing their way through the crowd of refusers to the guard rail, they bucked over from a stand. Unfortunately the lack of momentum caused the horse to hit the top of the fence with his hind legs, which jerked Hawkins over his head and, in transit, pulled the bridle off. Sergeant Murphy,

however, kept his legs and, like the gentleman he was, stood by his pilot until he got up, replaced the bridle, and remounted.

The pair set off and were soon in their stride again. They sailed down at the fence before Valentine's with all the resolution of good foxhunters with hounds in front of them, and cleared this with yards to spare. As they approached Valentine's we had a close view and could plainly see that the off rein was broken and 18in. of it flapping in the wind. Then came Valentine's itself. Standing back at this formidable obstruction, they rocketted over to land perfectly, in spite of its big drop.

On they went and by the time the Anchor Bridge was reached, the three leading horses were again coming into the picture on the other side of the course. But our hero (I must now write in the singular for Hawkins was practically a passenger with his steering gear almost gone) was doing all the staff work and galloping on and extending the distance between himself and his pursuers. With the brook behind them they began to stoke up and make a race of it, and when Music Hall's number went up as winner by all the rules the race was over.

Yet the race was not over for far

away on the other side of the course in the direction of Bechers, the mounted police appeared to be in a flap, and were chasing the crowd from the course. To everybody's surprise, there was the staunch old chestnut with ears pricked coming into view again and jumping Bechers in faultless style with Hawkins sitting like a centaur. Never were a horse and rider so cheered right round the last circuit of the course.


What a prelude for Sergeant Murphy's next Grand National. Geoffrey Bennett was chosen as the pilot as Hawkins had been killed in an accident, and took no chances of being balked at the Turn. He got away to the front from the start and stayed there all the distance to win by several lengths.



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	£
Earl of Derby	25,067
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*H. H. Aga Khan	14,148
Sq. Ldr. S. Joel	11,834
Sir Erik Ohlson	8,887
Hon. D. Paget	7,639
Earl of Rosebery	5,596
Mr. A. E. Saunders	4,377
H.H. Gaekwar of Baroda	4,338
Mr. J. V. Rank	3,881
Mr. J. A. Dewar	3,781
Col. J. H. Whitney (U.S.A.)	3,008

Winning Trainers:

W. Earl	28,855
J. Lawson	20,622
M. Peacock	16,248
Frank Butters	15,652
C. C. Boyd-Rochfort	13,121
R. Perryman	13,112

*75 per cent. to Indian Forces Comforts Fund.

	£
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W. Nightingall	9,925
F. Armstrong	9,814
C. Ray	9,009
F. Darling	8,456
R. J. Colling	7,171
V. Smyth	6,750
Capt. C. Elsey	6,304
H. Jellis	6,023
H. Peacock	5,818

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Hyperion (1930), by Gainsborough-Selene	38,730
Nearco (1935), by Pharos Nogara	23,092
Fair Trial (1932) by Fairway-Lady Juror	21,072
Precipitation (1933), by Hurry On-Double Life	16,254
Fairway (1925), by Phalaris-Scapa Flow	12,322
Blue Peter (1936), by Fairway-Fancy Free	7,876
Bois Roussel (1935), by Vatout-Plucky Liege	7,471
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P.S.—The ordinary £10,000 for 5/5 events are still being drawn every 8 days.

Disused Airfields Lose 200,000 Acres

Few Australians realised that during six years of war thousands of England's all-too-few acres were transformed into concrete-covered airstrips.

From these the heavily-laden big bombers left to pulverise Germany and satellites.

Some of the best of England's country was lost, and remains lost permanently to agriculture—an estimated total of 200,000 acres.

If they are not required by the Air Ministry they will be taken over by the State. Only in a few cases, where the whole of the land covered by an airfield is the property of one owner is derequisitioning likely to be considered.

This news was contained in a recent statement made by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. About the same time, Mr. Strachey, Under-Secretary for Air, told a questioner in the Commons that these big airfields with concrete runways had been spoilt for agriculture. The Lord Chancellor, however, held out the hope that some of them might be taken over by the Ministry of Agriculture for use as centres for artificial insemination or pig farming or some other activity which would make use of the buildings.

The main reason why the airfields are not to be returned is the prohibitive cost of reconversion. The Lord Chancellor went to Chipping Ongar and Ravenhall on a foggy Sunday to see for himself what kind of a job it would be to remove tons of concrete and put the land into shape again and he gave the Lords a very thorough and informed account of the difficulties.

"Let us assume," he said, "that we have an airfield of 500 acres (to take an average size) with runways, a perimeter track, hard standings and bomb bays. Assuming that the price of the land was £50 an acre, the total value would be £25,000 as agricultural land, but with the runways and so forth its value would be halved. To restore the land to its previous state and value the con-

crete works would have to be removed." At the two airfields he had visited it was estimated that there were about 100,000 cubic yards of concrete and not less of hard core. The cost of removing this was reckoned at 10s. a cubic yard, which meant a total charge of £100,000 or more if the land was thoroughly cleared.

"Who, in his right senses," asked the Lord Chancellor, "would contemplate spending £100,000 to bring into being an asset worth £25,000?" The State was not going to behave like a half-witted landlord. It had neither the money nor the labour to embark upon conversion on that scale. There also was a further consideration. The character of the surface of the land had in many cases been altered by the removal of the top soil. The perimeter track at Chipping Ongar was built up by using the top soil and in making the runway, top soil had been removed to level the ground. It had been used to fill in the hollows where there were now two layers of top soil.

Another problem arose over the number of owners of land taken for a single airfield. There was one case where 46 tenants were concerned. If the land was handed back in its present condition it would be inequitable, since one man might get nothing but concrete, another a cluster of buildings and another an untouched piece of ground.

Therefore it was impossible on financial grounds to contemplate removing the concrete and grossly unfair to hand back airfields in their present state. The common-sense solution, in the Lord Chancellor's submission, was Government acquisition.

The War Works Commission, set up under the Requisitioned Land and War Works Act will now have to decide about the future use of the airfields. The Lord Chancellor suggested that some might be used in connection with town planning schemes or as holiday camps. Such

untouched land as remained on airfields taken over by the Ministry of Agriculture would probably be leased to farmers.

This decision of the Government's is to be regretted, though it is perhaps inevitable. The Air Ministry probably still holds about 200,000 acres of land and most of that will be agricultural. The retention of the large airfields (small landing grounds are released) means not only a heavy loss of acreage, but also that many small farms will now be permanently sacrificed. East Anglia, war-time home of the big bombers, will be particularly hard hit.

The future non-military use of these airfields should be a matter of careful thought. Situated in the heart of the countryside, as so many of them are, they may easily become perpetual scars unless developed in some harmonious way.

OLYMPIC GAMES '48— London Can Stage Them

The news that the 1948 Olympic Games are to be held in London will be received with mixed feelings by the people of London, who will be crowded out by visitors on a scale unknown even in the war, and by the British Olympic Association, which will have to organise the games.

It has been customary to build a special camp for the competing athletes, which is not at the moment a pleasant prospect. There will be no serious difficulty about finding a stadium; the White City is available, and Wembley would no doubt be eager to make a running track if it were asked. The Thames is close at hand to provide the oarsmen with a course and to hold the biggest regatta in even its history.

We can stage the games, say the experts in Britain, and if we do not do so with quite the splendour and elaborate organisation which the Germans provided in 1936, they will be none the worse for that. Nor will they suffer at all if a little of our carefree attitude towards sport creeps in to lighten the excessive ardours and tensions of former Olympic Games.

Wireless Telegraphy

The Wonder of Our Age

These days we members of the general public sit back and regard our wireless sets in nonchalant manner and regard them as a matter of course in life's amenities. We have come on apace.

The first direct wireless message received in Australia from England occurred only as far back as September 22, 1918.

At the time World War No. 1 was raging full blast and at 1.15 p.m. on the date mentioned, Mr. E. T. Fisk, then managing director of A.W.A., became world famous for his efforts.

The message was:

"I have just returned from a visit to the battlefields, where the glorious valour and dash of

the Australian troops saved Amiens and forced back the legion of the enemy. I am filled with greater admiration than ever for these glorious men, and convinced more than ever that it is the duty of their fellow-citizens to keep these magnificent battalions up to their full strength. —W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister."

Ten minutes later a message was received from Sir Joseph Cook, at that time Minister for the Navy:

"Royal Australian Navy is magnificently bearing its part in the great struggle. Spirit of soldiers and sailors alike is beyond praise. Recent hard fighting brilliantly successful, but makes reinforcements imperative. Australia hardly realises

the wonderful reputations which our men have won. Every effort being constantly made here to dispose Australia's surplus products."

Those messages were historic.

Time marches on! Nowadays we have our mastoids mangled from "a million voices" in our homes on the efficacy of so-and-so's unshrinkable material at nine and fourpence per yard, plus two coupons; the time of the day; what won the Flying; the backyard gossip of Mrs. 'Arris, Mrs. 'Iggs, Mrs. 'Obbs and company, and everything else that can be put into sound.

Soon we'll have Moving Picture Shows in every drawing room.

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Water, Stay away from my Wall

(Condensed from Forbes)

The Maginot Line, symbol of colossal failure, yielded one blessing to householders.

Underground water was the most baffling problem of the great fortifications. Corridors, ammunition chambers and barracks were hundreds of feet below ground under valleys honeycombed with springs and watercourses. In places the Line was built through swamps.

And its concrete walls leaked. Some quarters filled with water so rapidly that pumps were useless. Even where pumps could handle the seepage, it was damp and clammy. Medical officers feared pneumonia and influenza epidemics. Other officers spoke gloomily of damp powder, of rust on delicate instruments.

All known waterproofing processes were tried and found ineffective. The French Government, alarmed, offered a reward to anyone who could devise a means to keep the Line dampproof. Etablissements Haguenauer, a tiny, conservative company making paints for ships and bridges, found the answer. What emerged from the laboratory was "Aquella," a pure-white flourlike powder, which is unique among waterproofing materials.

Mixed with water and scrubbed into the face of a concrete or brick wall, its infinitesimal particles actually penetrate the surface, then expand as they dry, forming a solid seal which is watertight and which continues to harden with age. As a further advantage, the wall becomes snowy white.

Once Aquella had proved itself, the French Government used it in subterranean factories, in Parisian swimming pools, for the faces of dams, and to weatherproof houses throughout the French colonial tropics, where damp has always driven builders to despair.

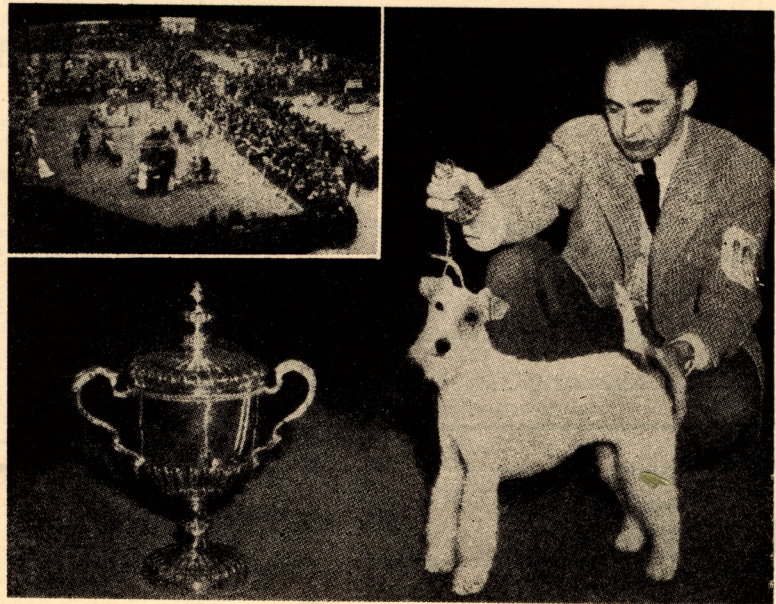
When the Germans marched on Paris the Haguenauer factory was entirely destroyed by bombs. Rene Haguenauer, with his one remaining

asset, the secret formula for Aquella, went to the United States.

Ill and dejected he made one or two attempts to establish himself in the hurly-burly of American industry and then gave up. But after a year and a half he met a French technologist who had become director

block wall which leaked constantly was made snug and dry—and better looking—with two coats of the pure-white waterproofing at a cost of about 100 dols. The cinder-block walls of an unfinished hospital on Welfare Island, in New York City's East River, were coated just before the 1944 hurricane struck. Torrents of rain were hurled against the building by an 80-mile-an-hour wind. Not a drop came through.

New York City engineers somewhat sceptically applied a paste of



TOP OF THE SHOW at the annual event of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden, New York, Ch. Hethering Model Rhythm and his trophy. (Inset): A general view of the show.

of research for an American firm. He knew all about Aquella, and saw an opportunity.

Samples of the white powder were submitted to the cold-eyed researchers of the U.S. National Bureau of Standards. Only a short time before the Bureau had made 30 different waterproofing tests. Twenty the Bureau called "very poor," five "poor." Only two were rated excellent—and both called for specially built walls. Tests won Aquella a rating of "excellent" on ordinary brick or concrete walls, and whether applied on the inner or outer face.

Contractors who had for years fought a losing battle against seepage tried samples and watched results with amazement.

A seaside laundry with a cinder-

Aquella to inch-wide cracks in the basement of a pumping station. These cracks were below tide level, and water had flowed through them in spite of every effort to stop it. The paste dried in the cracks, the flow of tidewater ceased, and a year later there was still no seepage.

Last spring, after all these tests, the product was put on the market by Prima Products, Inc., of New York. Already scores of new buildings and homes have been made dampproof by a process almost as simple as whitewashing. Already hundreds of Americans have seen their dingy, wet basement walls grow dry and snowy white. All because the Maginot Line was ploughed deep through the marshes of France.

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A Jockey's Life

From the English Angle

"Dear Mr. Trainer,—I am writing to know if you have a vacancy for an apprentice in your stable. I am very keen to become a jockey. On my holidays I ride the pony on my uncle's farm, and a man in the village said I ought to become a jockey. I am very fond of horses. I am 13 years old, and my weight is 5st. 7lb. . . ."

Tear it up, laddie. Take the job that Uncle Dick offered you on the farm, or go to the local garage. Join the Army or run away to sea, wrote a special correspondent in the London "Sporting Life."

Stifle those dreams of riding Derby winners and £10,000 a year retainers from wealthy members of the Jockey Club. For the way of the successful jockey is hard, and the life is spartan.

Stanley Wootton, the Epsom trainer, who turned out more successful race-riders than any other man, used to receive more than 2,000 letters every year from boys who wanted to become apprentices. He signed on about one lad each year.

Moreover, few lads are horse-minded these days. The boys of forty years ago could discuss intelligently the points of every bit of horseflesh in the neighbourhood. Motorbikes are now the theme.

Even so, there are hundreds of would-be apprentices.

Few Ride Winners.

What are the prospects of lads who are indentured as stable apprentices for five years? One in ten may have a ride in public, and one in twenty may ride a few winners.

For the very great majority, when their term of apprenticeship is over, the best job available is that of a stable helper at 50/- a week, a present of £3 when the trainer has a winner, and no trade union hours.

It may be healthy, but it's devilish hard. Seven days a week and no

table luxuries—the stable lad, like Cassius, must be of a lean and hungry look.

Now let us follow the fortunes of those who make good as apprentices to the extent of "arriving" as fully-fledged jockeys.

Last year there were 183 riders, exclusive of apprentices, licensed by the Jockey Club. More than half of them make a precarious living—they have not much in the bank and they are not nearly so well off as the average clerk.

Of the others, very few can afford to live the luxurious life that is popularly supposed to be the lot of the successful jockey.

Indeed, those who can best afford to live lavishly are the ones who lead the simple home life—which is a primary reason for the success they have achieved in their profession.

Of all present-day jockeys very few can be described as wealthy men. Gordon Richards whose annual income for the pre-war years must have been in the £20,000 region has made a fortune. And, unlike many of his contemporaries, Gordon has kept it.

It is not necessarily true that a jockey's is a short life but a gay one. If they steer clear on the manifest temptations that beset their path they may have a much longer run than the professional footballer, boxer or cricketer.

Many continue to ride with ability until they have passed the half-century mark. If they have not packed away enough to retire upon they can be assured of a good income as trainers when they hang up their riding kit.

Many Vanish From Scene.

But the pitfalls are many, and it requires a man of brains and character to keep a straight course over a period of years. Many flash like a meteor across the turf horizon, become household words for a season, then vanish into obscurity.

Regular racegoers know to their cost these stars of yesteryear. They haunt the precincts of the paddock, touting for tips or selling their "information" for a drink. Broke to the winds, but retaining a certain flashiness until their final disappearance garrulous and decrepit.

There are many reasons why young men who start their riding careers in public with every possible advantage never achieve the highest honours. Chief among them are (1) swelled head; (2) betting, and the corrupt practices to which it leads; (3) wine and women.

Most boys get swollen heads, more or less, if they meet with quick success. They get cured, or they don't remain in the game.

The jockey who listens to the voice of the tempter and starts betting is irrevocably lost.

In all "arranged" races there must be at least three of four people "in the know." Sooner or later the thieves fall out, and from that day the rider declines in popularity with owners and trainers.

Nothing is said—no one wants a scandal. It is by years of a hand-to-mouth existence that the jockey pays the penalty of his lapse.

Wine and women are responsible for most of our "spoiled" jockeys. Above all professions, race-riding calls for abstinence and supreme physical fitness.

For six months, maybe, a trainer has had the worry and responsibility of preparing a horse for a particular race. He brings his charge into the paddock ready to run for the proverbial kingdom. His painstaking care may be pitch-forked away inside a couple of minutes by a jockey who has no more strength than a glass of water.

No Restraint.

When they are no longer under the restraint enforced during their term of apprenticeship, some shallow-pated jockeys go to the devil.

Card and bottle parties and dancing at West End night clubs is their idea of keeping themselves fit. In the morning, instead of riding exercise, they visit the Turkish baths. How can such effete young men hold their own with hard and fit conferees when it comes to a driving finish?

The late John Porter, of Kingsclere, in his fascinating autobiography, devotes a chapter to the great Fred Archer.

He tells how the "Tinman" was always out on the downs first thing every morning—and he didn't drive up in a luxury limousine—anxious and keen to ride in as many gallops as possible.

On the racecourse, Archer was first to weigh out, first to go down to the post, and, as the records show, usually first home. "In short, his whole heart and soul was in the business," writes Porter.

Riding styles have changed since Archer's day, but the essential qualities to command success remain the same. I should like to see more of the present-day jockeys with their heart and soul in the business of winning races.

How can we account for the outstanding supremacy of such jockeys as Fred Archer and Gordon Richards? It isn't an answer to say that they secured the pick of the mounts. Archer would ride anything, and so will Richards.

Nor is it true to attribute their phenomenal success to sheer riding ability. Archer was a great horseman, but many judges thought that Fordham was better, and contemporaries of Archer were his equal judged by riding standards.

Gordon Richards would not be singled out by a casual visitor to our racecourses as being the champion

stylist. I should rate several jockeys as being prettier to watch.

It is the psychological drive, the supreme will to win, that makes good jockeys into stars. It is this magnetic urge, conveyed in subtle manner from rider to horse, that carries a man clear of the ruck. Archer had it; Richards has it. It is the gift of genius, and has really nothing to do with riding ability.

Had Archer joined the Navy he might have made history as an admiral; if Gordon had gone into politics he might have become Prime Minister.

Depend upon it the will to win is more than half the battle, when ability in one's profession has been achieved.

There is no quick road to a fortune in race riding. The life is hard and the diet far below "coupon" standard.

RACING FIXTURES, 1946

JUNE.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 1st
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 8th
A.J.C.	Monday, 10th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 15th
A.J.C.	Monday, 17th (King's Birthday)
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 22nd
Hawkesbury (Rosehill)	Saturday, 29th

JULY.

A.J.C.	Saturday, 6th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 13th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 20th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 27th

AUGUST.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 3rd
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Monday, 5th (Bank Holiday)
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 10th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 17th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 24th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 31st

SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 7th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 14th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 21st
Hawkesbury Race Club	Saturday, 28th

OCTOBER.

A.J.C.	Saturday, 5th
A.J.C.	Monday, 7th (Six-Hour Day)
A.J.C.	Saturday, 12th
City Tattersall's	Saturday, 19th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 26th

NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 2nd
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 9th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 23rd
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 30th

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 7th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 14th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 21st
A.J.C.	Thursday, 26th (Boxing Day)
Tattersall's	Saturday, 28th

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THE OLD HYDE PARK BARRACKS

"NOT old but mellow like good fitting wine" . . . these words seem a fitting tribute to the old building which was in earlier colonial days the Hyde Park Barracks and known also as Macquarie Barracks.

In the heart of what Governor Lachlan Macquarie conceived to be our city, is the only remaining atmosphere to which his shadow could return and feel not so much an alien spirit, but as someone coming home . . . for here, around Queen's Square, still stands stately evidences of his planning. Here are the Georgian buildings which, although smaller than the modern structures of ferro-concrete, are not dwarfed for such are their proportions and such is their construction that they grace their site with dignity and distinction.

Hardy Wilson, that great appreciator of our early colonial period, says that one hesitates to choose between St. James' Church and Hyde Park Barracks but his belief is that the Barracks must be adjudged Greenway's masterpiece.

Francis Howard Greenway, who was responsible for much of our better colonial architecture, was Governor Macquarie's emancipist architect.

Greenway, an Englishman of considerable architectural skill, for the offence of concealing assets in bankruptcy, was sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay for a term of 14 years. Early justice had, indeed, a harsh aspect!

In this way Francis Howard Greenway came to New South Wales.

Except for that one social error Greenway appears to have been an exemplary citizen; he was fortunate that in Governor Macquarie existed a man of broad vision who sought and encouraged civic talent among the convict colony. Macquarie discovered the worth of Greenway as a master craftsman and from an entry in the Governor's diary, dated December 16th, 1817, we learn of the outcome of his interest . . .

"I presented Mr. Greenway, Government Architect, with his 'emancipation' this day, it being delivered to him at Macquarie Tower this morning before we breakfasted."

From then on to the time of Macquarie's clash with Commissioner Bigge, resulting in the Governor's recall to London, Greenway worked faithfully and well, designing for the growing settlement the

Georgian buildings which graced Sydney in its early years.

Most of these have now disappeared, and only a few, such as St. James' Church and the Hyde Park Barracks, remain.

Documents in the possession of the Mitchell Library and the Royal Australian Historical Society show that the first mention of the building was made by Macquarie in a despatch to Earl Bathurst in which the Governor mentioned the erection of a "commodious barracks for the accommodation of about 400 convicts by Government artificers to be enclosed by a high stone wall". "This building", Macquarie stated later, "is much required and I trust will be productive of many good consequences as to the personal comfort and improvement of the morals of the male convicts in the immediate service of the Government at Sydney."

A later reference to the Barracks states that the building was of brick, three storeys high, with all the necessary out-offices of kitchens, mess rooms, washing yard, etc.

It was opened officially on 20th May, 1819 and to describe the opening ceremony we draw again on Governor Macquarie's diary . . . "This day, as a beginning and experiment, 130 convicts were lodged and slept for the first time tonight in the new convict barracks in Hyde Park in which that number now also commences to mess, it not being intended to lodge the whole of the convicts in the new barracks until 4th June."

On that later date the Governor again recorded in his diary:—"At 1 o'clock today (after the firing of the troops in Hyde Park) I went to the convict Barracks accompanied by Lieut. Governor Erskine, Mr. Judge Advocate Wyld, Mr. Justice Field, Major Druitt and my own family to see the convicts set down to their first dinner, according to the new system in the elegant Barracks in Hyde Park."

This was a most highly gratifying and interesting sight. No less than 589 convicts sat down to an excellent dinner—plum pudding and an allowance of punch being given to them in addition to their regular meal on this auspicious day."

For many years the Barracks remained the principal depot for transportees. A sinister reputation descended upon the

building, for it developed into a hotbed of corruption and a place of the most terrible corporal punishment.

Those of us, however, who regard the early history of the Hyde Park Barracks as entirely dark should ever remember that it sprang from the humanitarian impulse of its founder, Lachlan Macquarie.

Convicts who were housed at the Hyde Park Barracks wore the letters H.P.B. on the back of their clothing; indeed in those earlier, harsher days of our Colony it was no unusual sight to see prisoners in chains and handcuffed together, pushing heavy carts through the streets of the settlement and on the back of their dark grey clothes the letters H.P.B. stood out plainly.

During the 1840's, after the cessation of convict transportation, the building became a lodging-house for newly arrived women immigrants, who found themselves stranded in this new land. This was the finest period of the Barracks' history for associated with this work was that great and noble woman, Caroline Chisholm. Her influence did much to obliterate the sinister atmosphere which tainted the place.

New South Wales had its "bride" ships in those early days, even as we have them today, and to the young women who came to the growing colony to marry the men who were there waiting for them, Caroline Chisholm proved a true friend and adviser.

And so the building served its useful purpose for over 20 years and, although it looked at one time as if it might become the Government Printing Office, it did eventually, in 1862, re-echo to martial music for it was made over for the use of the New South Wales Volunteer Military Force.

By 1867 the Volunteer Armoury was still there and the City Coroner also had been provided with a Court in the precincts of the erstwhile Convict Barracks. In 1869 part of the main building was taken over for the housing of destitute women who were later removed to the Newington Institution. By 1887 the main building had been converted for occupation by various courts. It is now a home for legal affairs including the offices of the Master-in-Lunacy and the Clerk of the Peace—in legal calm the building constitutes today part of the Chancery Square of the Southern Hemisphere.

Various artists have limned the colonial charms of this example of fine architecture, placing in the foreground figures in costume of the past. It is easy in imagination, particularly in the glow of sunset, to stand in Queen's Square and recapture a feeling of that period when Governor Lachlan Macquarie, "The Builder", ruled the infant settlement of New South Wales.

The charm of the simple lines of this old Georgian building and the beauty which time has given to the ancient-looking bricks are a delight to the mind and eye . . . the Hyde Park Barracks is a link with the past we would do well to cherish.



Governor Macquarie.

RURAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES